doleful periods of my life, without hope or without prospects, eked out into a sort of vegetable persistence, spending most of my time in company with a thoughtless, mumbling herd of illiterates, with whom there could be no possible interchange of ideas concerning life's seriousness; and when time came for their departure, I knew how loath was I to part with them. It looks such a strange irony of fate indeed, that a group of youngmen such as those, born in so many different climes, brought up under such diverse circumstances should have met to join in a single purpose, forming ties of affection and brotherhood, stronger even than those of blood.

XII.

I continued in this condition for some four or five months more, without any noticeable change, when one morning there came the news, that the Director-general of Prisons from India had arrived and was coming to visit our asylum that day. It was he that held the supreme office over the whole jail department in India,

not even excepting the Andamans. I had met him once before in Alipore jail and to me he